

Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy laps.
La. Go, yee giddy goole.

The Musicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the Diuell vnderstands *Welsh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is so humorous,
Birlady hee is a good musician.

Lady. Then would you bee nothing but musically,
For you are altogether by humors:
Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken?

Hot. No.

La. Then, bee still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that?

Hot. Peace, shee sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, he haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? *Hart*, you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I liue, and as
God shall mend mee, and as sure as day:
And giuest such sarcenor surety faor thy othes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-brest teacher,
and the indentures be drawne, ile away within these a. hours,
and so come in when yee will.

Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By this our Booke is drawne, wee cle but scale,
And then to horse immediately.

Mor With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales, and I, will
Must haue some priuate conference, but be neere at hand,
For we shall presently haue need of you.

Exit Lords.
I know not whether God will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done,
That in his seeret doome, out of my blood,
Heele breed reuengement and a scourge for me.
But thou dost in the passages of life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heauen,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prin. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quire all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuilde,
Which oft the care of Greatnesse needs must heare,
By smiling pick-thankes, and base newes-mongers,
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a wing
Quite from the sight of all thy ancestors:
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger Brother is supplide,
And art almost an alieu to the hearts